

The Kentuckian.

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212 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

Late information from the peace conference indicates that the German treaty will be modified, according to advices from Paris, and sentiment in favor of lessening severity of the terms is increasing. Lloyd George is said to be the foremost advocate of modification and his decision has been prompted by strong British Liberal party sentiment. There is also said to be decided sentiment in Peace Conference circles that provision should be made for Germany's admission to the League of Nations. Some of the modifications suggested are that the indemnity Germany must pay shall be definitely fixed, that Germany shall be permitted to purchase coal from the Saar Basin and that powers of the reparations Committee shall be decreased.

The campaign liars are starting a little earlier this year than usual. The Courier-Journal thus refers to an anonymous attack on Gov. Black: "A mysterious circular reprinting editorials from Kentucky papers written eight years ago attacking a request by Gov. Black for a railroad pass for a friend is being circulated. At campaign headquarters of both parties knowledge of the circular is denied."

Representative Mondell, Republican floor leader, asked the House Interstate Commerce Committee today to report the bill repealing the daylight savings act without recommendation. He said since there was such a widespread interest in daylight saving, members were entitled to the privilege "of threshing the matter out for themselves."

Judge Carroll has reiterated his unique views on state taxes, and seriously asserts that he is in favor of dividing the taxes so that the counties only will tax real estate and the state only tax corporations. Only trouble about the Judge's platform is that you can't read it without laughing.

King George celebrated his fifty-fourth birthday Tuesday. Artillery salutes were fired at noon in London, Windsor and in garrison and dockyards in towns at home and abroad.

Both parties at Washington are helping along the bill to repeal the war taxes on luxuries. There is no war tax on the Kentuckian. It is a necessity.

Commander Read, who crossed the Atlantic in an airplane, is being winned and dined in Paris.

Austria deliberated only one day and decided to accept the peace terms offered.

There is still a chance for the Rhine Republic to slip on the rind.

The strawberry crop in Warren county exceeded 125 cars.

Beef in Chicago has gone down two cents.

LOGAN COUNTY WOOL IS SOLD

Russellville, Ky., June 4.—The Logan County Wool Pool held a sale here yesterday. Fifteen thousand pounds were sold and brought the following prices: Clear 58½¢; burry, 54½¢; dead, 55¢, and black, 53½¢.

The civilian clerks in the Camp Personnel Office at Camp Zachary Taylor was dismissed Tuesday because they refused to submit to the typhoid prophylaxis, which is required of all civilian employees. Those dismissed are: C. J. Wood, C. T. Fischer, R. V. Bartolow, H. W. King, E. Barnes and A. Walker. All of these clerks were employed on what is known as "paper work" and their dismissal seriously crippled the work of discharge.

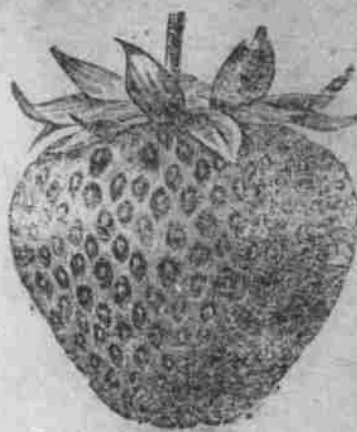
Capt. Roy N. Francis will attempt to fly from New York to San Francisco in two days.

THIRTY CARS OF BERRIES

PEMBROKE BERRY SEASON ENDS
WITH PROFITABLE RUN
OF BUSINESS

CROP PAID \$300.00 AN ACRE

Culture Of the Berries With Continued With Increasing Enthusiasm.



The Pembroke strawberry season is rapidly nearing the end. After this week, shipments will practically be over, though there may be some late pickings for local orders.

There were from 225 to 250 acres in berries and the yield was about 12,000 crates or 72,000 gallons. Some acres yielded as high as 150 crates to the acre. The prices paid were from \$6.00 to \$7.00 for the first grade fruit. The average of \$6.00 for all berries pay \$300 an acre for all acreage.

Beginning on June 2 all of the berries left were sold to the Goodman Preserving Co., of Louisville, at \$4.50 a crate. The company sent its own crates to receive the "field run" berries.

At this price they were not graded but all packed together. The highest price paid for the selects was \$7 a crate and a carload of these berries sent to Columbus, O., were pronounced the finest strawberries ever seen in that city.

The strawberry growers are all highly pleased with the month's business and are preparing to very materially increase the acreage.

GETTING READY FOR DRIVE

General Percy Haly and Richard P. Ernst, two of the best known of all Kentuckians, have enlisted in the Kentucky campaign for the Home Service Fund of the Salvation Army, which begins June 23 and closes June 30. Both have accepted appointments as Vice Chairmen for the drive here, and their wide influence, of course, will be of great value to the Campaign.

Governor Jas. D. Black has been made National Committeeman, former Governor Charles S. Whitman, of New York, being National Chairman. Dr. Ben L. Bruner, former Secretary of State of Kentucky and patriotically prominent in all war work, is the State Secretary and John R. Downin, Cashier of the Phoenix-Third National Bank, also prominent as a worker in all war activities and head of the Lexington Board of Commerce, is treasurer of the Kentucky fund.

Organization work has been well started and the district directors met Brigadier David E. Dunham, of Cincinnati, State Director I. Sobel, Colonel William Evans and Regional Director Major H. E. Bullis, of Pittsburgh, at Lexington Sunday morning at 11 o'clock for a conference and luncheon, at which the preliminaries leading up to the actual opening of the campaign were discussed.

Colonel Sobel returned Saturday from Covington and Newport, where the county organizations are being perfected by Field Representative W. R. Harper. Colonel Sobel said that the interest in Northern Kentucky was very pleasing, and that the people of Covington and Newport would do their part in the camps. Kentucky Elks and Rotary Clubs, as in other states, are enlisting in the drive and aiding it powerfully, Colonel Sobel said.

War Savings of the Country.
Americans in 1918 invested \$1,015,067,471.80 in Thrift and War Savings Stamps, according to the report issued by the Savings Division, Treasury Department. The total represents a total per capita investment of \$9.64, according to the latest census figures.

Charley Zepp's Feet

By ARCHIE CAMERON NEW

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His chair propped up comfortably against the door jamb, in the narrow hallway leading from the stage of the Olympia theater to the back alley, with a dim red light casting its feeble rays on his white hair, Baker, the doorman, kept watch snuggly, against the trespass of unhalloved feet. And then an unhalloved foot brought him upstanding, and an unhalloved hand on his stooped shoulder brought a frown, which quickly changed into a grizzled smile as a bill shot under his nose.

"I say," piped a voice, "my good man, will you give this card to Miss Dolly Hart?"

"H'm-m," came the answering grunt, as Baker scanned the card. "I'll see. I think her act's on now. Jes' wait."

"Baker shambled off, but hadn't got a foot when a retreating arm shot out of the darkness and stopped him. "Pest," hissed Charley Zepp, reaching for the card. "Who's Dolly's Johnny?" Then as he read the card he turned a surprised face on Andy Scobell, the property man. "Shades of Morgan, Andy, it's Piper!"

"Piper?" echoed Andy quizzically. "Where does he tend bar?"

"Can it, Andy," growled Charley Zepp. "He's no bartender. His daddy's name's on most o' yer weekly pay."

"Forrest's angel?" quizzed Andy, puzzled.

"Forrest's nothing," was the retort. "He ain't got nothin' to do with th' manager o' this house. He's president



"Can't y' Tell 'im by 'is Pigeon Feet?"

o' th' Consolidated National bank—worth about fifty million—oh, boy, what a write-up for Dolly!"

"Soft pedal," admonished Andy, in a hoarse whisper. "You press agents're reg'lar nuts. Dolly's partner Bill Hemsley'll give you all that's comin' t' you if you go to fram'in' up Dolly with a money-masher. Besides, this don't look real—a bank president Johnnying around stage—"

"It's his son, not him," and Zepp gave Andy a scornful look. "Besides, y' gotta be a fair property man before y' can get t' be a stage doorkeeper even, and that's ten jobs below press agent. So keep yer mind on yer own business. This is my meat. Oh, boy!"

Charley Zepp started for Dolly's dressing room and accosted the dainty little dancer just as she returned panting from the stage. Greeting him with a winsome smile, she invited him in. Cautiously he held his breath until the door was closed.

"Well, what's up, Charley?" she demanded, dabbing cold cream on her slightly tinted cheeks. Dolly didn't need much make-up—nature had saved her some expense on that score.

"Biggest thing in years," answered Charley, hoarsely. "You've got him sittin' up an' barkin' for yeh."

Dolly blushed prettily, and a soft glow suffused her face and neck.

"Who—Billy?" she asked, smilingly. "Good old kid—he's some boy."

"Billy be dinged!" shot Charley, scornfully. "A real one—a gilded gusher—a dough-dripper—he just oozes money—millions of it."

"That's not Billy, then," admitted Dolly, still smiling; "but he's a—"

"Course it ain't," snapped Charley. "This is Piper—son o' th' big Wall street—he's waitin' for yeh outside; here's his card."

"For me?" asked Dolly, with a puzzled frown, scanning the card Charley gave her.

"Sure," insisted Charley, impatiently. "Wants to date y' up for tonight. Baker's waitin' for an answer. Biggest write up y' ever had, kid. Better wrap it up an' hug it t' yer bosom. Can't I tell 'im yes, an' when?"

"Wait, Charley," Dolly's smile turned to a deep frown. "This is my business. I don't want to see him. Tell him so."

"Why?" demanded the perspiring press agent. "Think of it, Dolly. Just go out with 'im once. Jes' once—and look at th' big headlines in th' papers. Leave it t' me. James Piper's Son Courtin' Dolly Hart, the Irrepressible Ingenue! Why, it means millions t' yeh, kid."

"But I can't marry him, I—"

Dolly broke off abruptly. "Y' don't have t'," assured Charley, eagerly. "Though I don't see why not. He's a gold mine. But all y' gotta do is string him along for a couple dinners, an' I'll do th' rest. Look where it'll get yeh. I can see yer name now on th' Electric sign out front, 'Hemsley and Hart—Dances Divine.' Or even 'Dolly Hart—the Irrepressible Ingenue.' Y' can drop Bill Hemsley."

"Cut that!" said Dolly, sharply. "Whatever comes off, Bill's in on it, too. He's a good kid, an—"

"All right, all right," soothed Charley, then returned to the attack. "Come on, take it while th' takin's good. Shall I tell 'im yes?"

"Er—no," faltered Dolly, thinking of the big electric sign. "Er—tell him to call—tomorrow night—and I'll let him know."

"But—"

"Tell him just that," snapped Dolly decisively. "I'll think it over."

"Better had then," surrendered Charley, content with a partial victory. "Think of the big pay, th' big headlines—th—"

The door closed behind him with a slam, and he returned to the hopeful Johnny, bidding him graciously to return "tomorrow night," and then he went about scattering the glad tidings.

The news reached Hemsley in due time, as it did also their fellow players on the bill. The latter took it as a triumph.

"Fine, Dolly," they congratulated her. "Invite us up on Fifth avenue when y' get settled, will ye?" An Dolly, jokingly, assured them that she would even send her limousine after them.

But Billy Hemsley took it as a shock. Dolly Hart—his Dolly, as he had recently come to think of her—angling for a millionaire? Impossible! But, then, Pearl Popp, of the Juggling Pops, assured him it was so.

"Told him to come back tomorrow night," she told Billy. "Looks like a sure-fire hit. Old man Forrest says he's been hangin' aroun' the theater for th' last seven nights. Looks like weddin' bells, don't it?"

Hemsley grunted, and left the theater for his midnight lunch—alone. He didn't want to see Dolly—he wanted to figure this awful blow out alone. Dolly leaving him?—it was terrible. But, then, what chance had he against a man who could buy her a pet elephant, and after that, besides, a diamond necklace for the beast. It ruined his appetite, and afterward his sleep. And this, in turn followed by a spoiled breakfast, nearly caused him to spoil their act at the matinee. To only one did he express himself, and that was Andy Scobell.

"Better keep th' tin god out of my sight," growled Billy, "or th' Piper family'll be minus one."

"Y've stuck yer feet in it, Charley," Andy told Zepp a few minutes later. "Hemsley's sore as th' devil."

"Never y' mind about my stickin' my feet in anything," retorted Charley. "They'll get me out of it, too. Hemsley's a nut."

And then, later, ten minutes before their act, the news spread that Piper was back for his answer. Hemsley heard it as he stood in the wings, and then, across the stage, under a piece of suspended scenery that hung a foot from the floor, he recognized Dolly's feet. Those slippers—he could tell them anywhere. But that wasn't all!

Facing hers were two big feet—a man's shiny patent leathers! And then, with a sickening feeling, he saw Baker shambling toward the back door. In a trice he was at his side.

"What did Dolly tell that—rat?" he demanded.

"I—I don't know, sir," faltered the aged doorman. "Here's th' note she gave me."

Billy seized it, read the single line, "Nothing doing," and then gripped his shoulders eagerly.

"Is that for—Piper?" he demanded, hoarsely. Baker nodded. "Then who?" demanded Billy, breathless with joy, "who is that guy talkin' to her?" And he pointed to the feet showing under the curtain.

"G'wan," growled Baker. "Can't y' tell 'im by 'is pigeon feet? They're big enough. That's Charley Zepp. He's been arguin' with her, but it's no go. It'll cost me a big tip, too. She's a stubborn young woman."

"Thank God she is," snapped Billy, as he hurried away in Dolly's direction.

Later, as Scobell saw Dolly, with her head resting happily against Hemsley's shoulders, having heard from the doorman, he mused contemptuously.

"He ain't got no business mixin' in love, Charley ah't," and he stole another glance at the enraptured couple. "An' now he'll be hangin' around, like th' rest of th' news-hounds, sayin' I tol' yeh so. But his feet did get Charley out of a mess, th' lucky stiff."

Early Paper Mills.

The first paper mill in New England was established by Daniel Henshman, born in Boston 230 years ago. It was not the first of its kind on the continent, however, the pioneer mill for the manufacture of paper having been built in 1690 by William Rittinghuyzen at a point within the city limits of Philadelphia. The first paper mills in England were erected at Dartford in 1580. The French and Dutch, however, were the first Europeans to manufacture paper. Paper-making machinery was invented by Louis Robert, who sold his model to Didot, the great printer, who perfected the apparatus, with the assistance of Fourdrinier. The latter obtained an English patent in 1801, and gradually the paper industry was revolutionized.

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All the News of Home and the World

A Winning Combination



A band is a conspiracy among a lot of men who own horns. One man cannot make a band, though three Germans can put up a very fair imitation. It takes a lot of men, considerable co-operation and a good-natured community to manufacture a successful band. As soon as an American town is started, a settler who owns a cornet begins to hunt for a settler with a baritone horn. When he has found him they both track down a clarinet player and then get a job for a man who can annoy a trombone scientifically.

Shortly after this the band is organized and it practises twice a week for three years. The citizens get no pay for listening to this practice; but when the band has learned how to play a piece simultaneously so that the coroner will recognize the remains it begins to charge \$50 per appearance. This is about the only unbusinesslike situation left in America.

Bands are very useful. It is impossible to run a circus, political rally, Fourth of July celebration, Hibernian picnic or minstrel parade without one. It is also impossible to buy a very prominent citizen with anything like sufficient expressiveness without a band. Let us all strive to live so reverberatingly that twenty-five men will get \$3 apiece for putting on blue coats and caps and blissing a way through the atmosphere to the silent tomb for us. Band music is very inspiring and is more attractive to a small boy than a public library, a high school, a woodpile or anything but a fire. A horn in the band when played himself would make a crow feel a better life and vote the ticket straight hereafter.

They both track down a clarinet player.

It is very difficult to become president of this country, and many discouragements are placed in the path of the man who desires to lay aside a few million dollars. But no citizen should despair so long as he can, by practice win the confidence of a large horn and march inside of its coils on every public occasion, surrounded by a swarm of small boys who would give all they have to be in his place.